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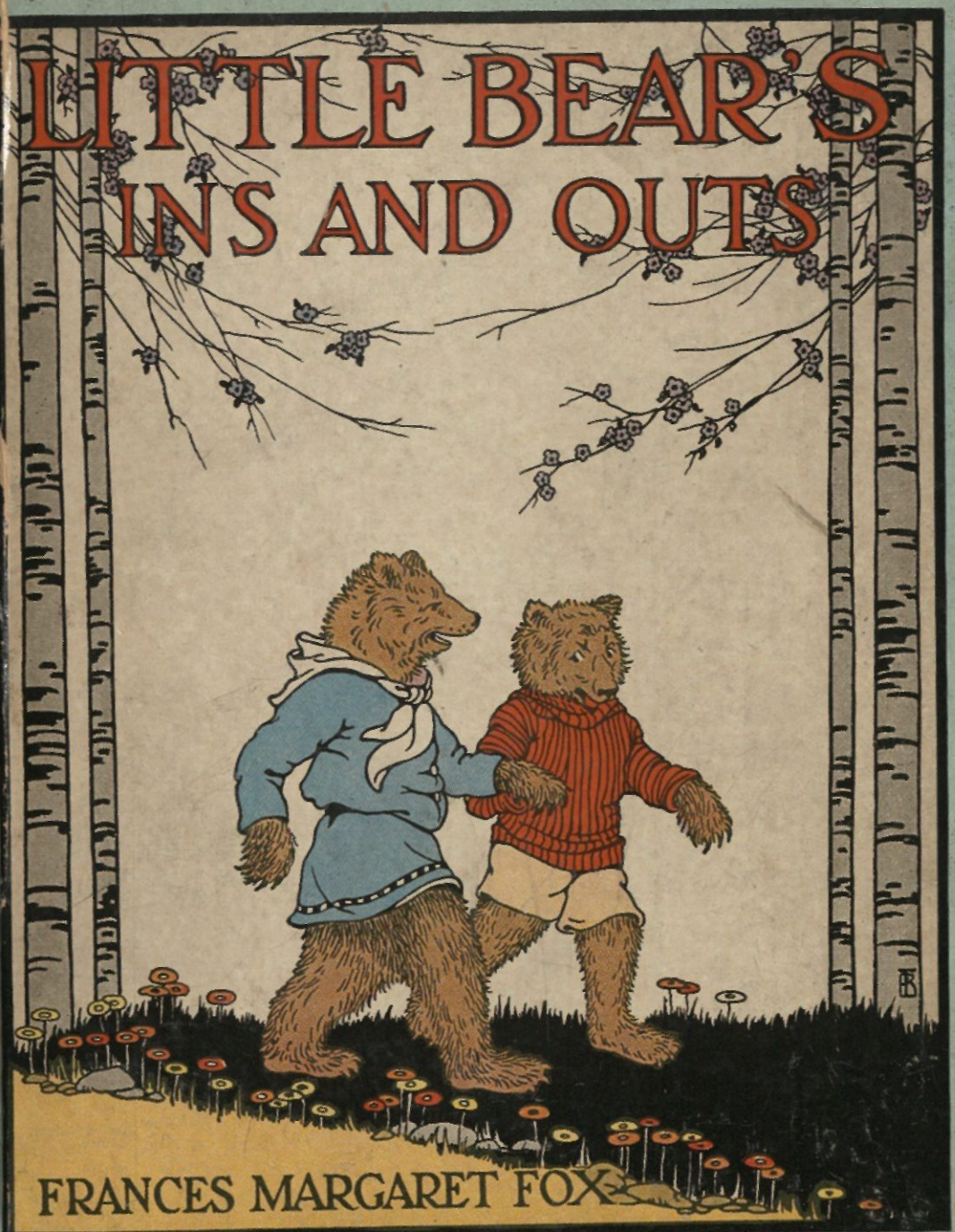
LITTLE BEAR'S INS AND OUTS



FRANCES MARGARET FOX

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LITTLE BEAR'S INS AND OUTS

"There is a little green house under this very hill," warned Mother Bear

LITTLE BEAR'S INS AND OUTS

By

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Author of "Adventures of Sonny Bear," "Doings of Little Bear," "Little Bear at Work and at Play," "Little Bear and His Friends," "Little Bear's Playtime," "Little Bear's Adventures," "Little Bear's Laughing Times," and "Little Bear's Ups and Downs"

Pictures by

FRANCES BEEM

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To
a baby friend
Bethany Ann Lane

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The following stories are reprinted by permission of the *Youth's Companion*: "When Little Bear Made a Goat Trap," "When Little Bear Was Brave One Minute," and "Little Bear's Hallowe'en Joke." "Little Bear's Adventure With the Old Chimpanzee," is reprinted by permission of *Child Life*.

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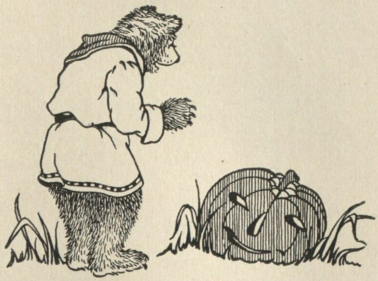


When Little Bear looked up he was so scared he fell from the tree

LITTLE BEAR'S INS AND OUTS

LITTLE BEAR'S ADVENTURE WITH THE OLD CHIMPANZEE

Little Bear had never heard of a chimpanzee until the day he met with an amazing adventure at Rocky Glen. He didn't expect to go to Rocky Glen when he left home in the morning. That trip was a great surprise.

Little Bear had fared forth after breakfast intending to play all day long in his playground across the road from the Three Bears' house in the ancient forest. It was blackberry time of the year and Little Bear told his mother that he would eat blackberries whenever he was hungry. He said that he might not be home until bedtime. Father Bear and Mother Bear laughed and told Little Bear to run along.

At first Little Bear had a delightful time playing alone in his sun-bright clearing. At least he thought he was alone. He didn't know that the huge old chimpanzee was watching every move he made.

This chimpanzee had escaped from his keeper and was in the top of a tall tree. He was bent over and looking down at Little Bear at the time Little Bear thought of squirrels.

All his life Little Bear had wished that he could leap like the squirrels. He decided that while he was alone with no one to laugh at him he would see if he dared leap from one tree to another. He climbed an oak tree and crawled out on a wide branch. Then he carefully stood up, but he hung on to higher branches with both arms all the time.

"I think," he told himself, "that the way to learn to go leaping from tree to tree, is to practice making little jumps first. I will do jumps in this one tree until I find out how the squirrels get started."

Little Bear laughed at himself because he didn't even dare let go of the branches he was holding

The next minute Little Bear laughed at himself. He laughed because he didn't even dare let go of the branches he was holding tight in both hands. All he did was to bend his knees and bob up and down in a foolish fashion.

The old chimpanzee was so amused that he bobbed up and down too, just as Little Bear did. He was a kind-hearted, good old

chimpanzee, and perfectly at home in the tree tops.

For a few minutes Little Bear did the same thing over and over. Every time he bent his knees and bobbed up and down, so did the old chimpanzee.

At last Little Bear tried something different.

"I'll never learn to leap like the squirrels unless I dare wave my arms!" said he.

So he let go of the leafy branch in his left hand, leaned over, and waved his other arm in wide, sweeping circles.

The old chimpanzee was so interested that he began making queer faces. Then he went leaping softly down and down from tree to tree until he was close beside Little Bear.

To be sure Little Bear thought he was alone. He didn't know that every time he waved his right arm in wide circles, a huge old chimpanzee was close beside him, doing the same thing.

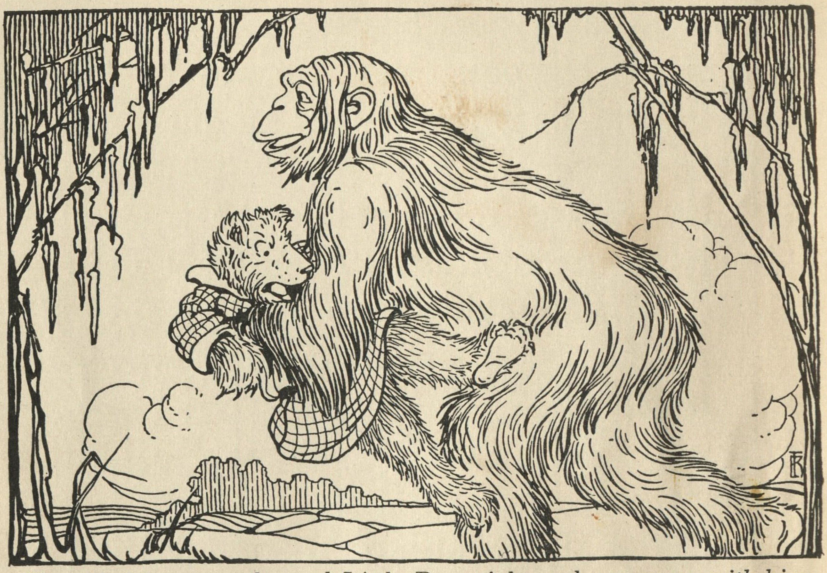
Little Bear soon began to feel more at home in the big oak tree. He was no longer so afraid that he might fall if he did not step just so-so.

"If I expect to leap like the squirrels," he told the green grass, "I must get used to feeling my head going through the air. I'll hold on tight with one hand and wave my head far out!"

He did. So did the old chimpanzee. Little Bear had a gay good time stretching his head out and waving it around. So did the old chimpanzee.

Suddenly though, the old chimpanzee, like the big monkey that he was, played a joke on Little Bear. He swung far out and gently bumped the top of his old black head against the top of Little Bear's head.

Little Bear wondered what had touched him. When he looked up and saw the old chimpanzee he was so scared that he fell from the tree.



The old chimpanzee hugged Little Bear tight and ran away with him

The old chimpanzee had a yellow face and long black hair. He had long, long arms too, and long legs, and big, big feet. He was a good old fellow though, and was sorry that he had scared Little Bear like that. So down he went hand over hand, and caught Little Bear before he had fallen half through the tree.

Little Bear was more scared than ever after that, and no wonder! The old chimpanzee

hugged him tight and ran away with him. He ran all the way to Rocky Glen.

It may be that the old chimpanzee believed that Little Bear liked to live in trees, because he put him gently in a huge crow's nest in the top of a feathery pine. Of course Little Bear began to climb out straightway. He intended to run home just as fast as he could travel.

The old chimpanzee scrambled around looking for a rope. He found one in the door of a cave. By that time Little Bear was down from the tree and scooting across Rocky Glen. The old chimpanzee caught him and tied him to a tree stump. He was sorry that Little Bear was afraid of him, because he intended to take him home for a pet. He thought he would first find a playmate for him so he wouldn't be lonely.

And so the old chimpanzee jumped up and ran out of Rocky Glen. When he came back he was hugging two squirrels. They were

The old chimpanzee caught Little Bear and tied him to a tree stump

Little Bear's old friends, Bumpy and Dumpy. The old chimpanzee put them down on a rock and then climbed a tree to see what would happen.

Nothing happened. Bumpy and Dumpy were too scared to move. They were not tied, either. Little Bear advised them to run, but they could not stir.

Wishing to amuse his captives and get acquainted with them, the old chimpanzee began making faces. He was a fearsome face-maker, and made the worst faces that he could, hoping that Little Bear and the squirrels would laugh. They didn't. The squirrels looked so pitiful that Little Bear forgot his own troubles.

"Run, why don't you!" he urged. They couldn't.

"Stop looking at that old fellow and look at me!" he advised. They couldn't.

"Come over and cuddle down beside me!" They couldn't.

"Come over and gnaw off my rope and we'll all run home together!" begged Little Bear.

But the squirrels were so scared they could not wiggle. All they could do was to gaze at the old face-maker while their eyes seemed to pop out of their heads. How could they know that the old chimpanzee was kind-hearted and good?

All this time Little Bear had been pulling and pulling at his rope, hoping that he might pull up the stump to which he was tied. He thought that if he could do so, Bumpy and Dumpy might come to their senses. The stump, though, had its roots tight around rocks in the ground below and it wouldn't come up.

At last the old chimpanzee fell asleep, for while the squirrels sat there so still, he could not keep awake. He snored so loud that the noise was alarming.

Little Bear kept on pulling at his rope, hoping somehow to comfort the trembling

With Bumpy Squirrel under one arm and Dumpy Squirrel under the other, Little Bear ran away from Rocky Glen

squirrels. All at once the rope broke and over went Little Bear on his nose. When he picked himself up he found that he had sawed his rope in two over a sharp rock. Every time he had pulled and pulled at the stump, hoping to cheer up the squirrels, he had been sawing his rope into two pieces!

Little Bear quickly snatched Bumpy Squirrel and tucked him under one arm and he

snatched Dumpy Squirrel and tucked him under the other arm. After that, away he ran from Rocky Glen, leaping over the ground like all the squirrels in the woods!

Bumpy and Dumpy were so surprised and glad they were soon themselves again and so lively they couldn't keep still. By the time they reached home with Little Bear, all three were laughing.

"Why are you so merry?" Mother Bear inquired when she saw Little Bear and the squirrels sitting on the doorstep with their heads together.

When she heard the story of the morning's adventure, she didn't know what to think about it.

"You say," she repeated, "that he looked something like a man, and that he had a yellow face, and long black hair, and long arms, —and—and—why, I wonder who he can be?"

"He is the old chimpanzee," answered Father Bear.

Little Bear stayed at home the rest of that day

That was the first time Little Bear ever had heard the name. Father and Mother Bear laughed when he said he hoped he'd never hear it again. The squirrels, though, looked solemn.

"If Little Bear had not tried to help us—" began Dumpy.

"We wouldn't be here now—not even Little Bear!" finished Bumpy.

Then they laughed and went skipping home to their own mother.

Little Bear stayed at home too, the rest of that day.

WHEN LITTLE BEAR MADE A GOAT TRAP

One morning Little Bear went to play in the stony field with Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat. It was a rough but delightful place full of tall bushes, wild flowers and all sorts of rocky ups and downs. The stony field was not very far from the home of the Three Bears in the ancient forest and was almost directly across the road from the beautiful sun-bright clearing which was known in all that region as Little Bear's own playground.

On the four sides of the stony field were stone walls. In the wall nearest the Three Bears' home was an open gateway. From the gateway there was nothing to be seen above the opposite wall but the sky; that was the reason Little Bear called it the Sky

Little Bear liked to look down on the shining river far below

Wall. The woods came close to the stony field on the other two sides.

Little Bear liked the sky wall because it was built along the top of a steep and rocky hillside. He liked to lean over that wall and look down, down, down to see the shining river far below. He liked to toss stones over the wall and see them go rolling down, down the steep slopes and then fall splashing

into the river. In morning time he liked to lean against the wall to look up and see the bright path of the climbing sun. The sky was always glorious to behold from that wall; sometimes it was clear blue; sometimes the white clouds piled and piled against the blue, and when the sun was going to bed on the other side of the western hill, drifting clouds were pink above the sky wall of the stony field.

The morning Wild Nanny Goat and Wild Billy Goat played with Little Bear in the stony field, they raced and romped until at last all three were tired. They sat down beside the sky wall to rest.

After a few minutes, up jumped Little Bear to lean over the sky wall and see what he could see far, far below. Wild Billy Goat loved jokes. When he saw Little Bear leaning far over the sky wall looking down, he too, jumped up. Softly he stepped behind Little Bear and gave him a gentle bunt.

Wild Billy Goat gave Little Bear a gentle bunt that sent him flying over the top of the wall

Now it happened that Little Bear was leaning so far over the wall that one gentle bunt sent him flying over the top of the sky wall, over and over, down, down the slope. Faster and faster Little Bear rolled until at last he fell with a loud splash into the river.

The fall didn't hurt him a bit because he didn't bump on the rocks. He could swim and the tumble in the river did him good. But when Little Bear looked up the steep slope and saw Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat laughing as if they would never stop, he was so angry he danced up and down.

"I didn't mean to knock you over the wall!" Wild Billy Goat called loud as he could call and laugh at the same time. "I only intended to give you a little surprise from behind."

"Maa-a, maa-a," answered Little Bear, and "maa-a, maa-a!" was all he could say.

"Maa-a, Maa-a," was all Little Bear could say

It wasn't all he could think, though. "I'll get even with old Billy Goat, I'll show him!" he thought, and other thoughts like it.

Little Bear wasn't a goat, even if he had said "maa-a" mockingly when he was angry, and he knew he couldn't climb a slope that was so steep it was almost straight up and down. He was obliged to walk half a mile around by the river road to get home. When he reached home he didn't tell Father

Bear and Mother Bear what had happened because he knew better than to tell them what he planned to have happen next to Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat.

"Will you please give me a lunch so I can have a sort of picnic over in the stony field?" he asked.

Mother Bear gave Little Bear blackberry-jam sandwiches and honey cakes, and away he went to the stony field.

"Queer picnic," Mother Bear said as she watched Little Bear go stamping away; "he didn't smile once."

Little Bear was glad Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat were gone when he reached the stony field because he planned to build a goat trap. He would get even if he had to work all day to do it.

In one corner of the stony field the walls were not straight; they leaned in over the field. Little Bear had often played the corner was a cave because of those slanting walls.

"I'll build another wall across the front of my cave," Little Bear told himself

"I'll build another wall across the front of my cave," Little Bear told himself, "and I'll slant it in, and then the next time Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat come over and climb up to see what has happened in this cave corner, down they will go, and then they can't get out because the three-cornered room will be big at the bottom and the

opening at the top will be little. Even Wild Billy Goat can't climb up walls that slant the wrong way."

Little Bear worked hard at rolling big stones over for the bottom of his wall. All the morning he worked, because it wasn't easy to build a wall that leaned in instead of standing straight. After a while, he had to roll logs over to stand on, and then more logs as the wall grew higher and higher. When the trap was finished, the front wall didn't lean over nearly so far as Little Bear wished that it did, but he had done his best and was cross, tired and wretchedly unhappy.

"You just wait, you old Mr. Wild Billy Goat and sister Nanny," he grumbled. Then he ate his picnic dinner and not once did he smile; not once did he sing.

After dinner Little Bear climbed a tree that had one big branch growing high over the top of the trap, and there he stretched out and waited for Wild Billy Goat and

Wild Nanny Goat to come and climb down into his trap.

"They are so full of curiosity," he said to himself, "they will climb in; I know it!"

Little Bear was tired and the day was warm. A long time passed while the soft winds sang a lullaby. The next thing Little Bear knew, he was waking up from a sound sleep. What woke Little Bear? He fell off the tree into the goat trap he had made to catch his friends!

The goat trap had changed into a Little Bear trap. Little Bear couldn't climb out. There he was and there he seemed likely to stay. How he wished he had not made the wall so strong! He tried again and again, but he couldn't push it over. Round and round and round his trap walked Little Bear, and soon he was wishing he had not built a trap at all.

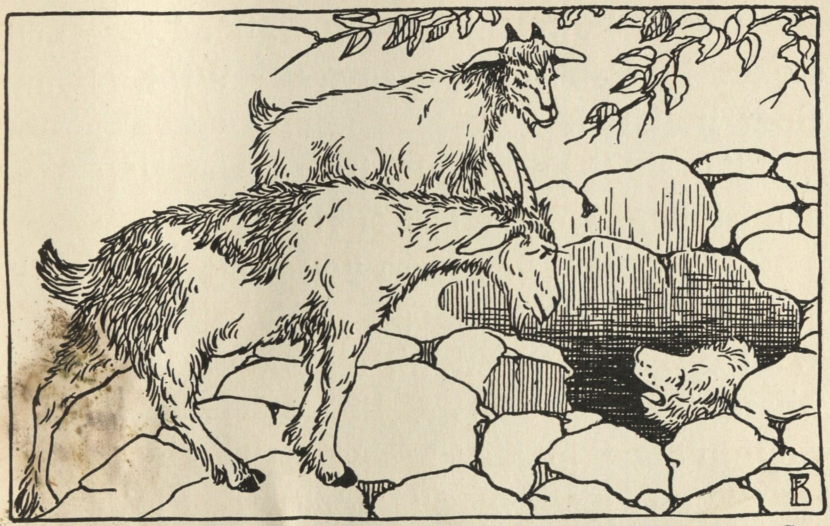
He called for help until he was hoarse, but no one came. He could not keep from

thinking about Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat. He had always liked them; they were kind and merry playmates. But Wild Billy Goat was so full of fun that now and then he liked to give his friends a gentle bunt. It was true Little Bear knew that his playmate hadn't intended to push him over the sky wall.

Suddenly Little Bear began to think how funny he must have looked rolling down, down the steep slope and splashing into the river at the bottom. He couldn't help smiling about it. No wonder Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat had laughed!

Then all at once Little Bear knew that when he was working so hard at building a goat trap, he was really playing a joke on himself.

Little Bear laughed; he couldn't help it; he laughed loud and merrily. He stopped laughing though, when he heard feet scrambling up the wall. Next minute two friendly faces



"Well, old man, what are you doing down there?" asked Wild Billy Goat

appeared at the top of the wall. Wild Billy Goat and Wild Nanny Goat had come at last, and loose stones were rattling down into the trap.

Wild Billy Goat spoke first:

"Well, old man, what are you doing down there?" asked he.

"I am thinking," answered Little Bear.

Wild Billy Goat laughed, so did Wild Nanny Goat; Little Bear laughed too.

"Who built this strong wall of logs and stones in front of our cave?" Wild Nanny Goat inquired.

"I did," answered Little Bear. "It was a mistake. I can't get out!"

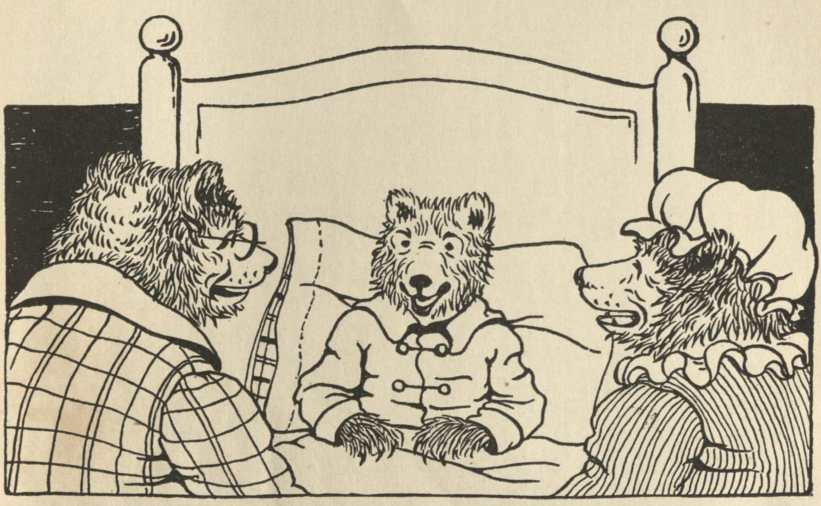
"Old man, of course you can't get out!" agreed Wild Nanny Goat. "Even my brother Wild Billy Goat couldn't climb out of a place where the walls slant the wrong way; we wouldn't get into such a trap!"

"You just wait," advised Wild Billy Goat. "We'll call the little Woodchuck brothers who are over in your playground. They are good diggers!"

And away he and Wild Nanny Goat went, laughing as they ran.

The Woodchuck brothers came straightway and dug a big hole under the wall so Little Bear could crawl out of his own trap.

"I am glad I have such good friends," Little Bear told brother and sister Wild Goat and the little Woodchuck brothers.



Little Bear told Father Bear and Mother Bear all about the goat trap

They wondered then why Little Bear rolled over and over on the grass and laughed. Little Bear, though, never did explain to his play-mates about the joke he had played on himself, but at bedtime he said to his Father Bear and his Mother Bear,

"Would you like to hear about something funny?"

When they said, "Yes, we would," he told them all about the goat trap, so they could laugh with him—and they did.

WHEN LITTLE BEAR WAS BRAVE ONE MINUTE

One time when the Three Bears were away on a trip through strange woods, a friendly stranger bluejay called one morning to tell Little Bear some news. He said the farmers' children were coming to have a picnic in a valley beyond the hills. He thought that perhaps Little Bear would like to hide in the bushes and see the fun.

The bluejay said that all these children were his friends, so he hoped Little Bear wouldn't scare them. He begged Little Bear not to jump out and say "Boo!" or do anything like that because the farmers' children were kind and good.

While tne bluejay was talking, Mrs. Molly Brown Bear walked by with little Bobby

Brown Bear. She said that Bobby Brown Bear would like to go to the picnic too and see the fun. He knew the way because he had often played in the valley where the farmers' children were coming to have their picnic.

"But don't you say 'boo' to the little ones," warned the bluejay, "because those good children are my friends and you must not frighten them on their picnic day."

"I am ashamed to say that my Bobby is timid," answered Mrs. Molly Brown Bear. "He wouldn't say 'boo' to a mouse!"

Little Bear laughed at that; he thought he was brave himself, but as he had never visited the valley he was glad to have his camp neighbor go with him to show him the way.

"We won't say 'boo' to the picnic children," he promised, and laughed again.

Next morning Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear started early for the walk through the woods to the valley. All the way

Little Bear and Bobby found a hiding place in a small cave in the side of a hill

Little Bear bragged about how brave he was. He told little Bobby Brown Bear that it was silly to be afraid of anything, especially on a picnic day.

Bobby was glad Little Bear was so brave; he said he knew there would be nothing to scare them that day, and that it would be fun to watch the children.

"They will hold hands and dance in a circle," he told Little Bear. "They will run and jump and laugh and play. Then, when the mothers say 'Come to dinner,' the children will sit on the grass and eat their picnic dinner from their pretty baskets."

Little Bear and Bobby reached the valley before the children came and Bobby straightway found a hiding-place. It was a small cave in the side of the hill, with an opening so tiny that they had to crawl in one at a time.

Soon the laughing, singing children came with their mothers. They came trooping into the valley, carrying their picnic baskets.

Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear sat with their heads close together watching the pretty sight.

Little Bear was just thinking that it would be fun to jump out and say "Boo!" and see the little boys and girls run (only of course he wouldn't do it) when something happened.

There was a strange little go-swish noise and then it was so dark where they were that Little Bear couldn't see Bobby Brown Bear.

"Do you suppose the sky has fallen?" whispered Bobby Brown Bear.

"Hush, oh, hush," begged Little Bear, "I don't know what has happened!"

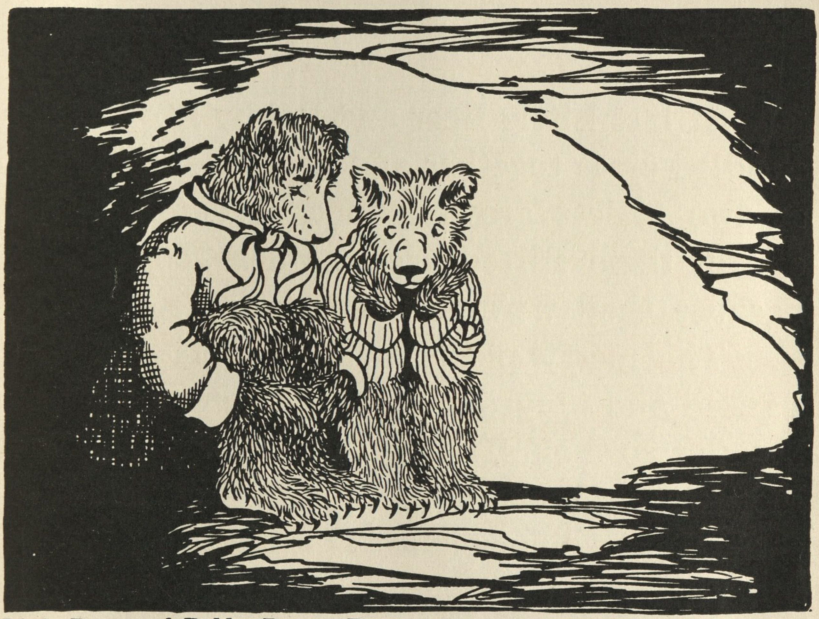
Then said Bobby Brown Bear, "We—we had better go out of our cave!"

"Oh, hush, hush," repeated Little Bear, "do hush!"

"Let's run for home!" Bobby Brown Bear said next in the inky darkness.

"Oh, will you hush?" Little Bear whispered again.

Now the only thing in the world that had happened was this: little Sally Berry's mother had tossed her big, heavy picnic cape on the ground and it caught on a bush in the hillside and so had fallen over the opening of the cave. It shut out the daylight and that was all.



Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear cuddled close together and kept still

Little Bear was not brave in the dark; neither was Bobby Brown Bear, only he thought the thing to do was to jump out and start toward home.

The picnic children laughed and shouted and had a merry time. Little Bear wondered how they could be so happy in the dark valley. He didn't know that the sun was still shining

brightly; he thought the whole world was suddenly dark.

At last Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear cuddled close together and kept as still, as still as two violets growing in a garden. Neither one of them stirred except when they had to because they were so uncomfortable.

The merry picnic went on. The children danced and played and laughed and sang. An hour, two hours, three hours passed. Then mothers called and the children came to eat their picnic dinner.

In the small dark cave Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear could hear the children talk and laugh and rattle dishes.

"Let's jump out and start running for home," begged Bobby Brown Bear. "I think I can find the way."

"Oh, no," answered Little Bear, "it's too—too d-d-d-dark!"

Another hour passed and then Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear heard the children

singing a little good-by song to their picnic valley:

'Good-by, little valley, good-by,
Good-by, good-by, good-by!"

Their voices sounded farther and farther away.

Suddenly there came the sound of heavy footsteps tramping straight toward the little cave. It was only Sally Berry's mother coming to get her picnic cape that she had almost forgotten, but it frightened Little Bear, and Bobby Brown Bear began to cry.

"I—I thought," he wailed softly, as he clung to Little Bear's rough camping-suit, "I—I thought you were brave!"

"I'll have to be brave; I shall begin to be brave this minute!" declared Little Bear. "Come, we'll find our way back to camp through this dark forest. You follow me. I'll go out of the cave first."

Out he crawled, brave as he could be, for one minute, just as Sally Berry's mother reached for her picnic cape.

"Oh, my stars!" cried Sally Berry's mother, when she saw Little Bear crawling out of the cave. "Help, help! Bears, bears!"

Instead of returning to help, the children and their mothers ran faster and faster away down the trail.

The sudden flood of daylight made Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear wink and blink and look stupid for a few seconds because they had been so long in the dark; but when Bobby Brown Bear came tumbling out of the dark cave just behind Little Bear, Sally Berry's mother screamed louder than ever, "BEARS, BEARS!"

Suddenly Little Bear felt so ashamed of himself because he had been silly all day, and he felt so cross because he had missed seeing the picnic that he decided to have a little fun. He jumped three jumps and said, "BOO!" to scare Sally Berry's mother. Then how he laughed and how Bobby Brown Bear laughed when she flew down the trail

"Bears! Bears!" screamed Sally Berry's mother

without looking behind her to see how many big bears were coming out of the cave.

"We were scared about nothing, too," Little Bear complained, "and I am so ashamed that I do not know what to tell my Father Bear and my Mother Bear!"

"I know what I shall tell them," Bobby Brown Bear piped in, "I'll tell them about the time when you were brave that one minute at the last!"

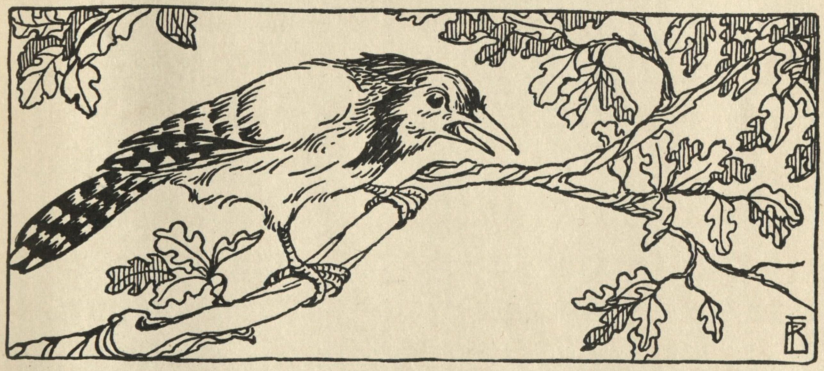
"Bobby Brown Bear, I like you!" Little Bear told him.

The one he didn't like, though, was the valley bluejay. That bluejay saw all that happened at the picnic and flew straight to the Three Bears' camp and told the whole story before Little Bear and Bobby Brown Bear reached home.

Father Bear and Mother Bear and Bobby's folks laughed at the story, of course, but Little Bear didn't laugh joyfully until Bobby Brown Bear told about how Little Bear

was brave for one minute, and then scared Sally Berry's mother so that she ran screaming down the trail. When Bobby Brown Bear played that he was Sally Berry's mother and ran with his legs going so fast they looked like a straight line, Little Bear laughed so hard he didn't see the bluejay flying away like a blue streak through the air. He didn't know his friend was gone until the bluejay called in mocking, laughing tones from a far-away tree top,

"Oh, such a jolly day, day, day,
It was gay, gay, gay,
For this jay, jay, jay!"



LITTLE BEAR'S HALLOWE'EN JOKE

Late in October one year, the Three Bears went on a far journey. They walked and they walked and they walked until they reached the borders of the ancient forest.

"We must go no farther," said the huge Father Bear, "because when I stayed behind on the hilltop for a look into the valley, I saw houses through the trees with smoke curling from the chimneys."

"Hush," warned Mother Bear, "there is a little green house under this very hill. Do you see it straight down the trail just the other side of the rustic bridge?"

"Oh, I see it, I see it!" exclaimed Little Bear. "It is a pretty little green house."

Just then the door of the little green house was opened wide and out walked a little girl swinging a shining tin pail.

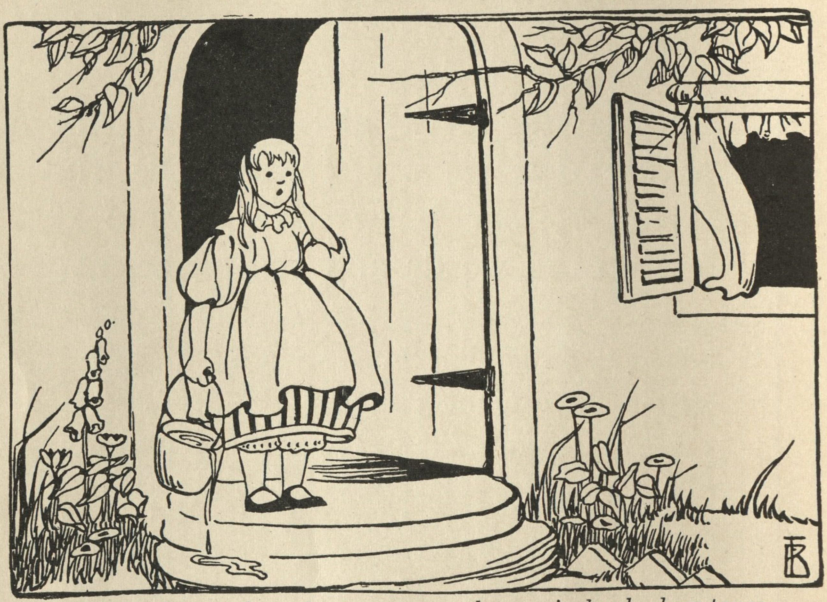
"She must be Goldilocks," whispered Little Bear. "Her hair is dandelion yellow."

And then the little girl began to sing a song of her own as she crossed the rustic bridge. Little Bear knew in a minute that she made up the words and the queer wavering tune:

"To all the goblins in the wood,
This is the night you must be good.
If I catch you I'll put you in a box,
Because my name is Goldilocks,
And this is Hallowe'en — e'en — e'en,
And this is Hallowe'en."

The little girl stopped singing while she filled her pail with water from a spring. When she started back toward her little green house she continued her song:

"Oh, goblins, go hunt for Little Bear
And try to give him a dreadful scare.
River folk and all the fishes
Now come and wash my mother's dishes,
For this is Hallowe'en — e'en — e'en,
For this is Hallowe'en."



Goldilocks stood on the top step and sang in loud, clear tones

Just as she reached the door, Goldilocks stood on the top step and looking toward the darkening woods she sang in loud, clear tones that sounded like elfin music,

"Come, goblins, come all,
Please come at my call,
Just play I'm your queen, queen, queen,
And come to my party this Hallowe'en—
e'en—e'en."

"Such nonsense!" remarked Father Bear as Goldilocks, laughing, went into the house and closed the door.

"What are goblins?" inquired Little Bear. He was much interested in Goldilock's song.

"Nonsense, just nonsense," Father Bear answered.

"Would goblins get you?" persisted Little Bear.

"Goblins could not get me!" Father Bear answered with a wink at Mother Bear. "But I have heard that goblins do go roaring around on Hallowe'en trying to scare the small fry."

"If I see one I'll run away from him, like this!" announced Little Bear, and he ran up the hill like the wind.

"Look here," called Father Bear, "don't you ever run away from a goblin. If you see one tonight, you face him. You run straight toward him and say 'boo!'"

Before the Three Bears stopped laughing Little Bear said, "Well, if I do catch one do you care if I try to scare you with him?"

"Oh, haw, haw, haw!" roared Father Bear. "Scare me if you can, but first, Little Bear, catch your goblin!"

But Mother Bear told her family that instead of catching goblins, she believed it would be wiser to build their camp while daylight lasted; there would be time enough to look for goblins after dark.

So they built their shelter for the night, of logs and maple and oak branches. They made three beds of pine boughs with three balsam pillows. When their work was finished they were so pleased with it that they took turns peeping into their sleeping room.

One wall of their camp was a huge gray rock; the other three walls were made of logs and branches. There was an opening like a doorway close by the rock on the side toward

When the sun had set, Father Bear went for a stroll

the valley, and in every one of the three log walls were spaces left for windows. Little Bear called them goblin windows because he said he wished to get up in the night to look through them for goblins.

When supper was over and the sun had set, Father Bear went for a stroll. He told Mother Bear that he wished to visit a friend who was camping with his family on the other

side of the hill, and that it might be late before he returned.

When Father Bear was gone Mother Bear told Little Bear all she knew about Hallowe'en, and they had a delightful time.

It was rather cold, so they cuddled cozily together just outside their doorway while they visited.

One by one the birds tucked their heads under their wings and went to sleep in the woods, and one by one the stars came out over the valley.

Suddenly from far down the trail came the sound of many elfin voices singing these lines over and over:

"We are a jolly, jolly band,
We are goblins from goblin land.
For this is Hallowe'en—e'en—e'en,
For this is Hallowe'en."

The sweet, shrill voices came nearer and nearer and Little Bear cuddled closer and closer to his mother.

"Goblins are coming up the trail," he whispered.

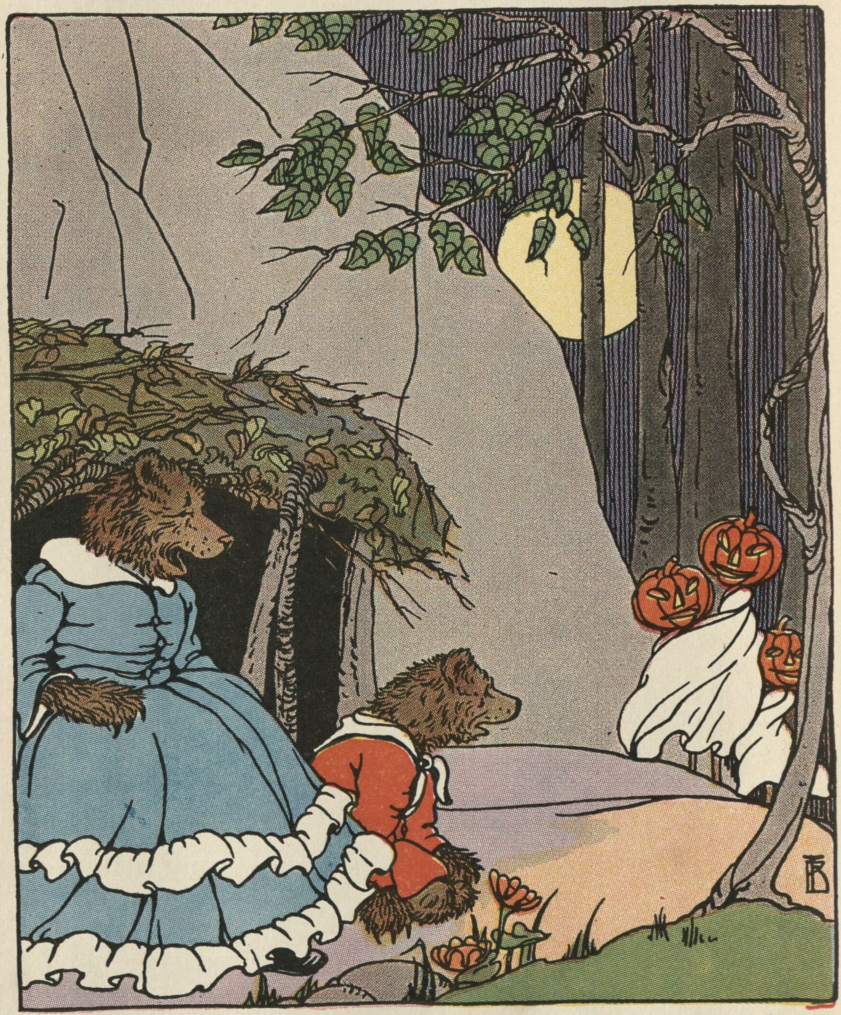
At last, in the starlight, an alarming sight appeared. A grinning face with a light inside its head was bobbing about on a slim body wrapped in a white sheet. Another and another and another and a dozen more followed after, and with them was one tall, headless goblin who came striding up the hill.

"Will the goblins get us?" whispered Little Bear. He was almost crying.

"Goblins, nonsense," answered Mother Bear, softly laughing. "Those shining heads are nothing but jack-o'-lanterns, and jack-o'-lanterns are nothing but pumpkins scooped out inside with lighted candles in them."

"Oh, but jack-o'-lanterns are just as scary for strangers as goblins are," Little Bear told her. He was so frightened he was shivering.

At the top of the hill, in plain sight from the back goblin windows of the camp, was a pile of dry brush. The goblins formed a wide



"Halt!" said the leader of the goblins. "Methinks I heard a noise in yon thicket"

circle around it. When the tall goblin set the brush pile on fire, the little goblins danced round it and sang at the top of their voices,

"We're a jolly, jolly band,
We're goblins from goblin land.
Yo, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Sing a song as we go!"

It was a strange sight to see a band of goblins dancing around a bonfire, and Mother Bear enjoyed the fun. She dragged Little Bear out into the open where he could see better.

Soon the fire burned down and the tall headless goblin beat it out. Then, without the least warning, the grinning faces were turned toward the valley and the goblin band began marching down the trail.

Mother Bear advised Little Bear to keep perfectly still, but he just couldn't do that. He stepped on a dry twig and made a crackling noise.

"Halt!" said the leader of the goblins. "Methinks I heard a noise in yon thicket."

One step the goblin took toward "yon thicket," and bowed its frightful head on a long, long neck straight toward Little Bear.

Instantly Little Bear, who was dreadfully frightened, stepped out and fairly howled

"BOO, BOO, BOO!"

Straightway every goblin lost his head and ran down the trail screaming and screaming and leaving his sheet behind him. The tall goblin called and called as he followed. Soon little feet were heard pattering across the rustic bridge and shrill little voices were heard wailing, "Open the door for Goldilocks, open the door, PLEASE open the door!"

Mother Bear laughed joyfully and the tall goblin laughed too, but of course they didn't laugh together. Then Mother Bear made Little Bear walk out with her into the road and pick up a goblin head so he could see for himself that it was nothing but a pumpkin scooped out with a candle inside. Some of the candles were still burning.

Little Bear saw for himself that it was nothing but a pumpkin scooped out, with a candle inside

Finally Little Bear began to laugh. "Let's scare Father Bear," said he.

That is how it happened that when Father Bear came swinging down the trail a few minutes later, he beheld a fearsome sight. In every goblin window of his Hallowe'en camp was a goblin head with a fire inside it and a grinning face with wide open mouth and big teeth, to greet him.

Until he saw the goblins Father Bear was singing loud and cheerfully,

"Ta de dum, dum, dum,
Ta de dum,
Ta de dum,
Ta de dum, dum, du—"

He left the end of the song unsung. Then he said in a terrified voice,

"Come right out of my house, you goblins!"

Two of them shook their heads. Father Bear made a growling sound and took a few backward steps.

Then he called, "Mother Bear, Little Bear, where are you?"

There was no answer.

Then said Father Bear, "Ho, goblins, did you get my Little Bear?"

Two other goblins shook their heads. At that Father Bear began to weep and wail, "Oh, the goblins got my Little Bear, and now what shall I do, boo—hoo!"

That was too much for Little Bear.

"Oh, don't be scared, Father Bear," he called. "Goblins are just for fun! There aren't any. These goblins are nothing but jack-o'-lanterns and jack-o'-lanterns are nothing but pumpkins. Now see, I will put my hand right in this one's mouth and break his big teeth right off. He's nothing but a pumpkin!"

It was some time before Father Bear got over his fright and the Three Bears put out the candles and went happily to bed. But scarcely were they snuggled down in their three beds for the night when again they heard voices on the trail. This time a man and a big boy were talking.

"Goldilocks insists that she saw two bears tonight!" the man was saying. "Now just where were you when she thought she saw the bears?"

"Right about here, Father," answered the boy. "I'll hold the lantern and you look around."

So the boy held the lantern and the man looked around. He almost knocked over the Three Bears' camp while he was looking for them.

"There aren't any bears here," he said at last. "There haven't been any bears in this part of the country since we moved into the little green house. Goldilocks hasn't ever been the same since she visited the Three Bears' cabin in the old forest. We will tell the children at the party that she certainly didn't see any bears tonight; she only imagined that she saw bears."

"I told you so," grumbled the boy as he and his father went down the trail.

The Three Bears were up and away before dawn next morning, but they traveled miles and miles before they dared stop to catch fish for their breakfast and to laugh together about goblin jokes.